

back into the drawing-room, "how quickly the vulgarity of common place, banishes the beauty of the ideal."

The intercourse between the two families now became a matter of daily occurrence. Captain Whitmore was delighted with the society of his young friends. "They were fine lads, very fine lads. He did not know which to prefer. Juliet's choice would decide his," for the old man soon discovered that his daughter formed the attraction, which drew the young men so often to the lodge. Perhaps, he preferred Godfrey. He possessed more life and spirit—had more wit—was more amusing. He loved hunting and fishing; played an excellent game at draughts, and sang a good sea song. His face was always arrayed in smiles—his brow never wore the cloud of care, the pensive expression of refined thought, which was so apparent in his cousin. Godfrey made the room glad with his gay joyous laugh—he was the life and soul of the table, the prince of good fellows. A woman must be happy with such a handsome, good-natured husband, and the good old Captain hoped that his dear Juliet would be happy with his favourite. Hearts understand hearts better. There existed no sympathy between the heart of Juliet and her volatile lover; the one was all soul; the other, a mere animal, in every sense of the word—living but for animal enjoyment, and unable to comprehend the refined taste and exquisite sensibilities which belong to higher natures. Yet he loved music; had a fine ear, and a fine voice, and exercised both with considerable skill. Here, Juliet met him on equal terms; they played; they sang together, and whilst so employed, and only drinking in sweet sounds, rendered doubly delicious, when accompanied by harmonious words, Juliet forgot the something, she could not tell what, which made her feel an aversion to the handsome musician. One evening, whilst they were standing at the piano together, Godfrey suddenly left off playing a touching little Scotch air, and turning to Juliet, said:

"If my flute, Miss Whitmore, could but speak the language of my heart, how quickly would it breathe into your ear, the tender tale which the musician wants courage to declare."

"Ah!" said Juliet colouring, "such notes would only produce discord. Perfect harmony must exist before we can form an union of sweet sounds. A similarity of mind can alone produce a reciprocity of affection. Godfrey Hurdlestone, we were not formed to love each other."

"Oh! say not so! One so passionately fond of music cannot be insensible to love."

"Let us go to my father," said Juliet; "he is fishing, and the evening air grows cold."

"He would not frown upon my suit."

"Perhaps not, but he would never urge me to encourage a suitor whom I could not love—I am

very young, Mr. Godfrey,—too young to enter into these serious engagements. I esteem you and your cousin, but if you persist in talking to me in this strain, it will destroy our friendship. If you really love me, never speak to me on this subject again."

"I will try and obey you," said Godfrey, not a little humbled and mortified; "but you have imposed upon me a very difficult task."

As Juliet ran forward to meet her father, she felt like a bird escaped out of the snare of the fowler.

"Why, Juliet! love, how have you painted your cheeks?" said the old man. "What has Mr. Godfrey been saying to you?"

"Miss Juliet will not listen to any thing that I can say to her," returned Godfrey, gloomily.

"Pshaw!" said the old man; "a lover must look out for squalls; his bark is seldom destined to sail upon a smooth sea—if she will not go ahead against wind and tide, you must try her upon another tack. I wish you success, Mr. Godfrey; a fair breeze and pleasant sailing."

He turned to Juliet, and found her in tears.

#### CHAPTER IX.

Would that the dewy turf were spread,  
O'er this frail form, and aching head;  
Then this torn heart, and burning brain,  
Would never wake to grief again.

WHEN Anthony entered the study the next morning, he found his cousin traversing the floor in great agitation.

"Anthony," he said, "you are just the person I wanted to see. My father is, I fear, a ruined man."

Anthony recoiled some steps back.

"It is but too true. I have been talking to Johnstone, the steward. The account he gives of our affairs is most discouraging. Creditors are clamorous for their money, and there is no money to supply their demands. My father, it seems, has been living beyond his income for years; his estates have been mortgaged to alleviate his present wants, while no thought has been given to the future, by their improvident possessor. Mr. Hayden, the principal mortgagee, threatens to foreclose with my father, if the interest, which has remained unpaid for the last twelvemonth, is not instantly forthcoming. In this desperate exigency I can only think of two expedients, both of which depend entirely upon you."

There was much truth in his statement, but the facts were greatly exaggerated to suit the purpose of the narrator. Anthony had never questioned the state of his uncle's affairs. He had deemed him rich, and this distressing intelligence fell upon him with stunning violence. He begged Godfrey to explain in what manner he could render his uncle any assistance.